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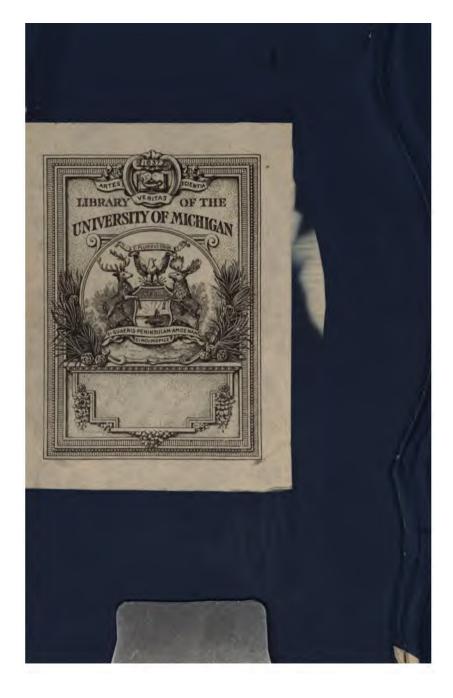
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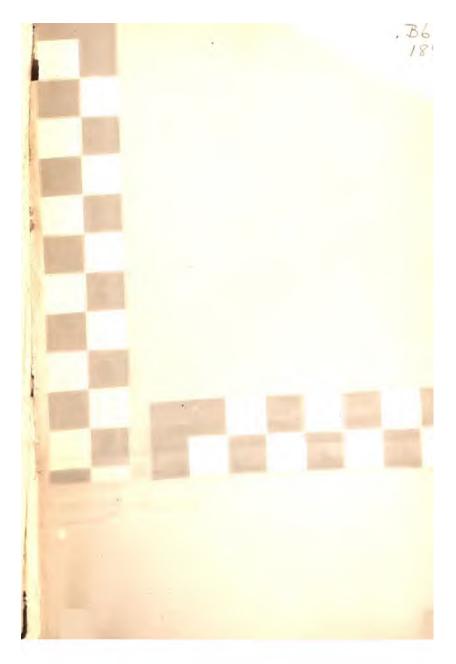
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THE SONGS AND MUSIC

OF FRIEDRICH FROEBEL'S MOTHER PLAY

(MUTTER UND KOSE LIEDER)

SONGS NEWLY TRANSLATED
AND FURNISHED WITH NEW MUSIC

PREPARED AND ARRANGED BY SUSAN E. BLOW

"Deep meaning oft lies hid in childish play"
SCHILLER

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1898

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The publishers have divided this work of Froebel in order to bring it into volumes of convenient size. The edition of Wichard Lange and the former English translations have the form and style of a music book. In separating the contents for this division, the mottoes, commentaries, and mother communings have been placed in the first volume, which may be called the Mother's volume. The songs and music are reserved for the present volume, which is the Children's volume. What it contains is suitable for children's ears and voices.

As already mentioned in the preface to the first volume, the illustrations are reproduced from the large and well-executed cuts of the Wichard Lange edition, long since out of print, and now very difficult to procure even from an antiquarian bookstore. The pictures in that edition are large enough (6 by 9 inches) to show the minute details. In order to preserve these details the publishers of the present edition (size of page 3½ by 5 inches) have been at the pains of repeating and enlarging the parts of

certain of the pictures, making in some cases two or three new pictures, and bringing out what is obscure with greater distinctness than is found even in the Lange edition. Inasmuch as the children are expected to find all these particulars in their study of the illustrations, and trace out the motives of the artist, this feature of the work will be appreciated by all kindergartners.

The publishers have also enlarged the Lange pictures to four times the size of the original, and printed them on a series of charts for use in the kindergartens, furnishing them at a moderate price.

The new music herewith offered will justify itself as a substitute for that which has been discarded.

I have already stated in my preface to the former volume the reasons that have made it desirable to obtain new and more poetic translations of these Froebelian songs. I have gone so far as to say that "most of the literal imitations of Froebel's poetry have contributed in a greater or less degree to ruin the poetic sense of teachers and pupils." I believe that I shall be sustained in this opinion by all kindergartners possessed of genuine poetic taste, but I think that the versions here offered will be found sure to commend themselves to all who have a "literary conscience."

W. T. Harris.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October, 1895.

MISS BLOW'S PREFACE.

The poems in this volume are not literal translations of those in the original Mother Play, but attempts to cast Froebel's ideas into truly poetic form. A few songs have been added, in order to develop the thoughts suggested in some of the more important plays, and a series of Wandering Games has been given to illustrate Froebel's method of genetic evolution. A full account of the development of these games, under Froebel's own guidance, will be found in the Pedagogics of the Kindergarten, pages 247-254.*

Since most of the melodies in the original Mother Play have been condemned by competent critics, new music is given in this volume. This music consists in part of melodies written by composers of acknowledged merit, and in part of selections from folk-songs. A few of the best melodies in the original Mother Play have been retained, and, finally, some of the music of Karl Reinecke has been used.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to Miss Eleanor Smith, and to her publishers (Messrs. Milton Bradley and Thomas Charles), for per-

^{*} International Education Series, vol. xxx.

mission to use eight songs from Volume I and one song from Volume II of her Songs for Little Children. Miss Smith's books contain songs on all the subjects omitted in this volume (Good Morning Songs, Weather Songs, Songs of the Seasons, Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving Songs, Flower Songs, Gift Songs, Patriotic Songs, etc.); and I earnestly hope that her interest in and generosity toward the Mother Play may increase the influence of her already well-known and popular collections.

I desire also to express my sincere thanks to Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller for The Little Maiden and The Stars and The Farmyard, as well as for her kindness in adapting The Farmyard, by Mrs. Follen; to Mrs. Eliot for The Cuckoo, Hide and Seek, and The Child's Prayer: to Miss M. J. Garland for the poem and music of Play with the Limbs: to Miss Kate L. Brown for The Finger Piano, and for the use of The Little Plant; to Miss Emilie Poulsson for permission to use her poems Calling the Pigeons and The Weathervane; to Miss Elizabeth C. Le Bourgeois for the poem of The Light-Bird: to Miss Eleonore Heerwart for the use of The Trees; to Mr. W. L. Tomlins for the use of Rippling, Purling Little River: to Oliver Ditson Co. for use of Butterflies; and to Mr. Fred. Field Bullard for generous help in the revision of music.

The folk-songs * in this collection were se-

^{*} On pages 161, 162, 172, 174, 176, 186, 202, 204, 207, 209, 211, 217, 228, 240, 243, and 263. Mr. Bullard also wrote the accompaniments to the songs on pages 187, 188, 198, 236, 239, and 257.

lected and adapted to the poems by Miss Euphemia M. Parker, and were arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. Fred. Field Bullard. Of these songs Mr. George L. Osgood writes as follows:

It is with genuine pleasure I have read the selection of folk-songs made by Miss Euphemia M. Parker and arranged by Mr. Fred. F. Bullard. These quaint old melodies, sprung from the heart of Nature herself, are especially appropriate to the child life of the Froebel verses. The selection shows rare taste and fine instinct, and the accompaniments the trained musician's hand.

GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

BOSTON, MASS., 1895.

Miss Emilie Poulsson's charming volume of Finger Plays is a valuable collateral to the Mother Play. I would call particular attention to The Little Men, The Little Plant, and A Little Boy's Walk, as songs to be used in connection with The Greeting, Naming the Fingers, The Fardener, and The Pigeon House.

SUSAN E. BLOW.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1895.

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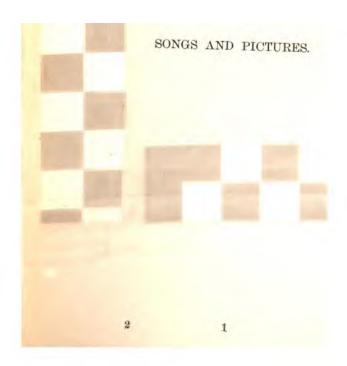
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PLAY WITH THE LIMBS.

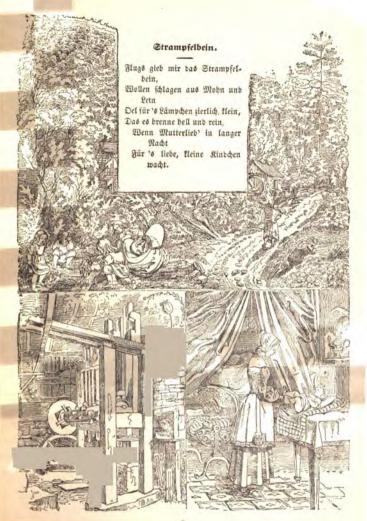
UP and down, and in and out,
Toss the little limbs about;
Kick the pretty dimpled feet—
That's the way to grow, my sweet!

This way and that, With a pat-a-pat-pat, With one, two, three, For each little knee.

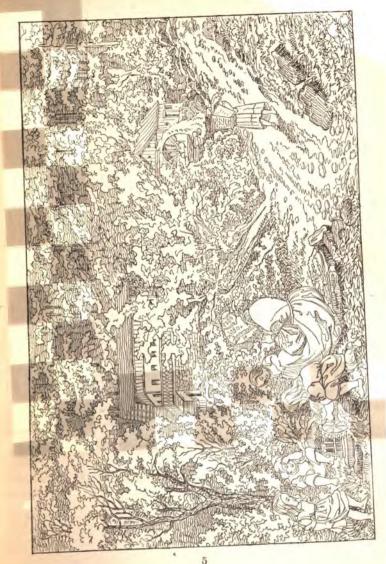
By-and-bye, in work and play, They'll be busy all the day; Wading in the water clear, Running swift for mother dear.

So this way and that, With a pat-a-pat-pat, And one, two, three, For each little knee.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.







FALLING! FALLING!

Down goes baby,
Mother's pet;
Up comes baby,
Laughing yet.
Baby well may laugh at harm,
While beneath is mother's arm.

Down goes baby,
Without fear;
Up comes baby,
Gaily here.
All is joy for baby while
In the light of mother's smile.

EMILIE POULSSON.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

WEATHERCOCK, what makes you go Round and round the whole day so?

'Tis the wind whirls me!
'Tis the wind twirls me!
So to all the world I show
How the merry wind doth go.

Pretty kite, what makes you fly, Up above the tree-tops high?

'Tis the wind lifts me!
'Tis the wind drifts me!
Tosses me in merry play,
Here and there and every way.

Windmill, high on yonder hill, What makes your sails go turning still?

'Tis the wind loves them!
'Tis the wind moves them!
Helps them turn the mill-stones round,
So your meal and flour's ground.

The wind can do so many things,
The airy sprite on viewless wings:
It waves the flag, it bends the tree,
It shakes our curls for you and me;
And in our merry play we too,
Show all the things the wind can do.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

This way, that way,

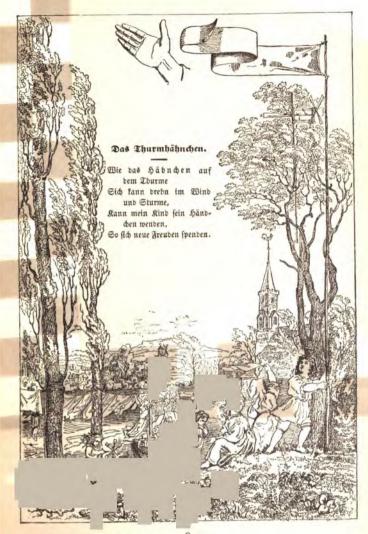
Turns the weather-vane;
This way, that way,

Turns and turns again.

Turning, pointing, ever showing,

How the merry wind is blowing.

EMILIE POULSSON.



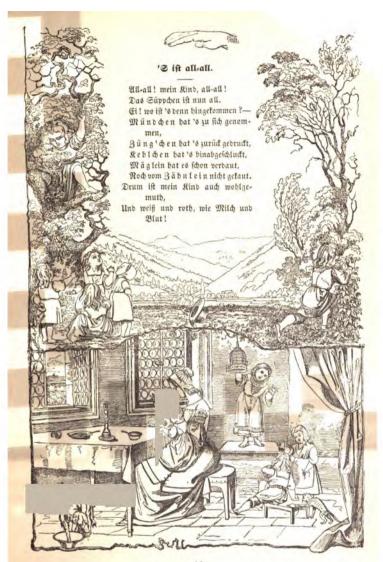
ALL GONE!

ALL gone! the supper's gone! White bread and milk so sweet, For baby dear to eat.

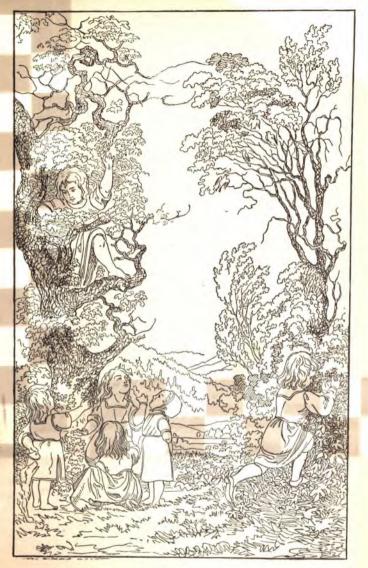
All gone! the supper's gone! Where did baby's supper go? Tongue, you had a share, I know. Little mouth, with open lips, Through your rosy gate it slips. Little throat, you know full well. Where it went, if you would tell.

Little hands, grow strong; Little legs, grow long; Little cheeks, grow red: You have all been fed.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.







TASTE SONG.

When the red lips open wide, And you part the teeth inside, Then a tiny door you show, Where this little plum may go. Now the pink tongue comes in haste, All the pleasant juice to taste. Ah, 'tis very nice and sweet! Fruit like this is good to eat.

Bid good-bye to juicy plum;
Let the sour apple come—
Take a dainty little bite
From its cheek all red and white.
What a funny face you make!
How your little head you shake!
In your look I see confessed
That you like the sweet things best.

Now the bitter almond try,
Brown its shell, and hard and dry;
Yet within, a kernel white
Shyly hides away from sight.
Yes, it draws the mouth a bit,
But it's wholesome, every whit.
Many bitter things you'll meet:
Time, perhaps, will make them sweet.

All the fruits and nuts, in turn,
Teach a lesson you may learn.
If a thing is ripe all through,
Then 'tis very good for you;
But to eat the unripe things,
Sharpest pain and trouble brings;
Though they look so fresh and fair,
Danger, dear, is hiding there.

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH.

FLOWER SONG.

SMELL the flower, my child, and see What its perfume tells to thee. In its cup, so small and bright, Safely hidden from our sight, There an angel-spirit dwells, And its message sweetly tells.

"From my tender resting-place, Little one with happy face, I am talking to thee, dear, Though no voice my child may hear; But my perfume sweet will tell, Little friend, I love thee well."

KATE L. BROW

TICK! TACK!

Swing, swong! this is the way
Goes the pendulum night and day.
"Tick! tock! tick! tock!"
Never resting, says the clock.
"Time for work and time for fun,
Time to sleep when day is done.
Tick! tock!" Hear the clock!
"Time to rest each little head;
Time the children were in bed."

Swing, swong! sure and slow
Goes the pendulum to and fro.
"Tick! tock! tick! tock!"
In the morning says the clock.
"Time to wake from slumber sweet,
Time to wash and time to eat.
Tick! tock!" Hear the clock,
"Tick, tack, tock!" it cries,
"Children, it is time to rise!"

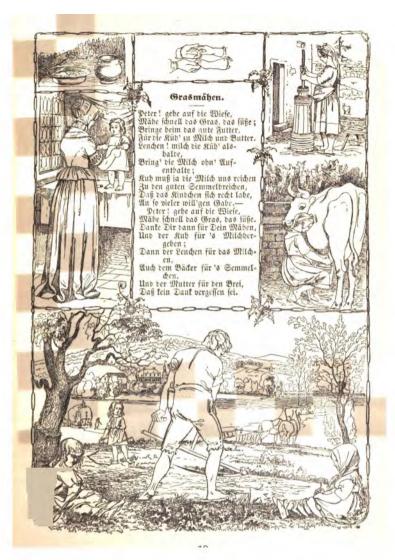


MOWING GRASS.

PETER, Peter, quickly go
To the field the grass to mow;
Juicy grass, and hay so sweet,
Bring them for the cow to eat.
Lina, Lina, milk the cow;
Good milk she will give us now.
Milk to drink, with rolls or bread,
Thus we little ones are fed.

Let us thank our friends, each one:
Peter, for the mowing done,
Lina, for the milking, too,
And for milk, good cow, thank you.
Thanks to all are gladly said:
Baker, thank you for the bread.
Thanks dear mother shall not miss,
Given with a loving kiss.

EMILIE POULSSON.



THE RHYME OF THE BOWL OF MILK.

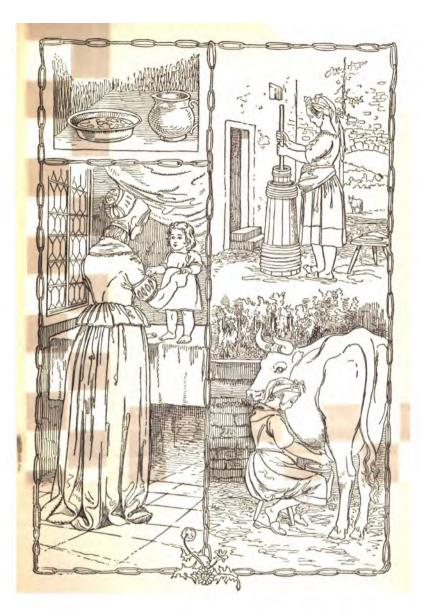
OH, here is the milk, so sweet and white, All ready for dear little baby!

This is the mother, who with delight Poured into the bowl the milk so white, All ready for dear little baby!

This is the milkmaid, who worked with a will Her pail with the cow's good milk to fill, To take to the mother, who with delight Poured into the bowl the milk so white, All ready for dear little baby!

This is the cow that gave milk each day
To Molly the milkmaid, who worked with a will
Her pail with the cow's good milk to fill,
To take to the mother, who with delight
Poured into the bowl the milk so white,
All ready for dear little baby!

This is the dry and sweet-smelling hay
That was fed to the cow that gave milk each day
To Molly, the milkmaid, who worked with a will
Her pail with the cow's good milk to fill,
To take to the mother, who with delight
Poured into the bowl the milk so white,



This is the grass—(in the field it grew,
Helped by the sunshine, and rain, and dew)—
The grass that was dried into sweet-smelling hay,
And fed to the cow that gave milk each day
To Molly, the milkmaid, who worked with a will
Her pail with the cow's good milk to fill,
To take to the mother, who with delight
Poured into the bowl the milk so white,
All ready for dear little baby!

This is the mower, who worked at the farm,
Swinging the scythe with his strong right arm,
Mowing the fields of grass that grew,
Helped by the sunshine, and rain, and dew—
The grass that was dried into sweet-smelling hay.
And fed to the cow that gave milk each day
To Molly, the milkmaid, who worked with a will
Her pail with the cow's good milk to fill,
To take to the mother, who with delight
Poured into the bowl the milk so white,
All ready for dear little baby!

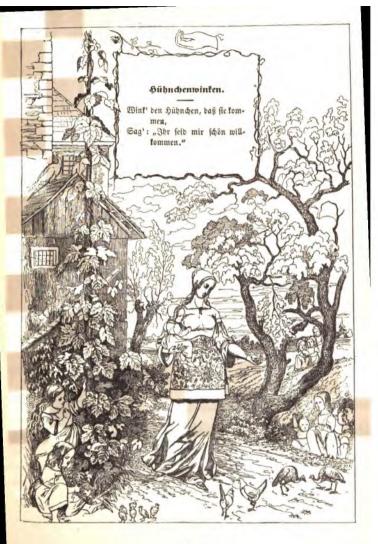
EMILIE POULSSON.



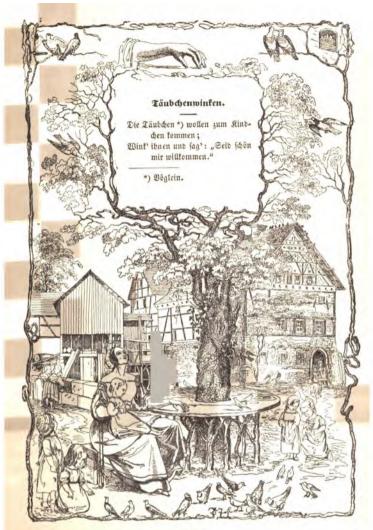
BECKONING THE CHICKENS.

Tiny fingers in a row,
Beckon to the chickens—so.
Downy little chickens dear,
Fingers say, "Come here! come here!"
Chick! chick! chick!
Fingers say, "Come here! come here!"
Pretty chickens, soft and small,
Do not fear—we love you all!

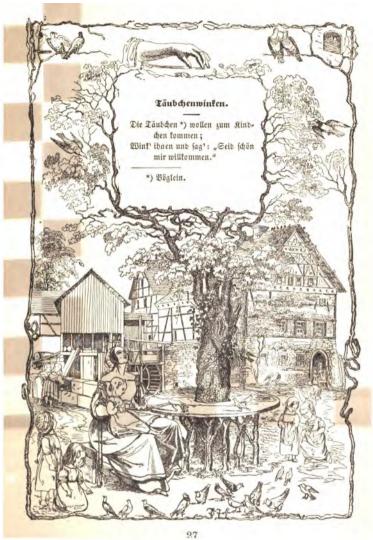
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.











BECKONING THE PIGEONS.

Call the pigeons, baby dear—Beckon them to you; Hear them answer lovingly, Coo-oo! coo-oo! coo!

EMILIE POULSSON.

BECKONING THE PIGEONS.

SEE the pretty pigeons, coming, love, to meet you!

Little dimpled hand, can you learn to say, "I greet you?"

Bend the rosy fingers, wave them to and fro: Pigeons, pretty pigeons, baby greets you so.

Smooth your shining feathers, spread your glossy wings;

Baby loves to see you, gentle, fearless things. Here is grain to feed you, but, before you fly, Pigeons, pretty pigeons, baby says "Good-bye!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



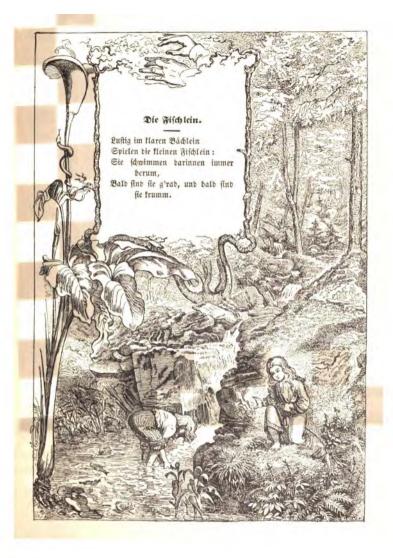
THE FISH IN THE BROOK.

MERRY little fishes, In the brook at play, Floating in the shallows, Darting swift away.

"Happy little fishes, come and play with me!"
"No, O no!" the fishes say, "that can never be!"

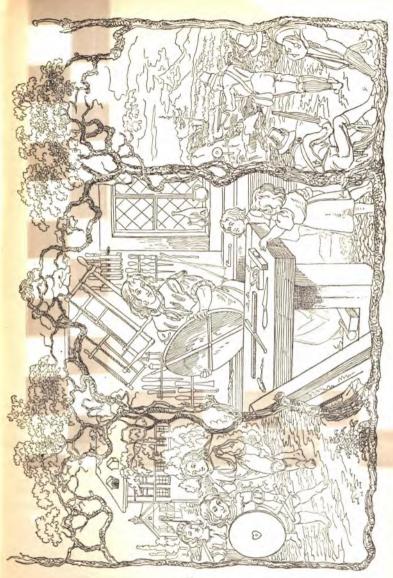
Pretty bodies curving,
Bending like a bow,
Through the clear, bright water,
See them swiftly go.

"Happy little fishes, may we play with you?"
"No, O no!" the fishes say, "that would never do!"



THE TARGET.

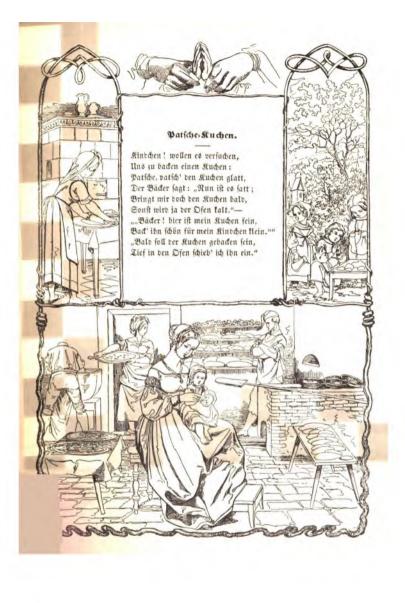
ONE piece this way, And one piece that. And a smooth little board That is round and flat. Drive in a peg That will hold them well, And here is a target, Ready to sell! "What costs it?" "Three halfpennies." "That is too dear; Only two halfpennies Have I here." "Three halfpennies is just enough-One for the work and two for the stuff. Three halfpennies the buyer must pay: Who can not pay it must run away."



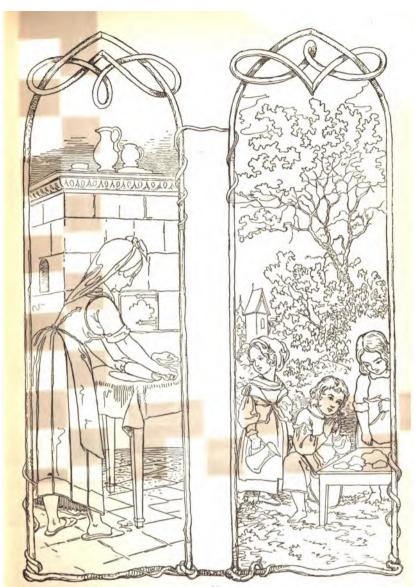
PAT-A-CAKE.

COME, my baby, you shall make Mother dear a little cake. Roll it this way, roll it that, Pat the cake all smooth and flat; Mark it there, and mark it here— There's a cake for mother dear.

Baker, is your oven hot?
Bake my cake, but burn it not.
Here's the oven, hot and ready,
Toss the cake in, straight and steady.
Bake it brown, and bring it here,
Baby's cake for mother dear.





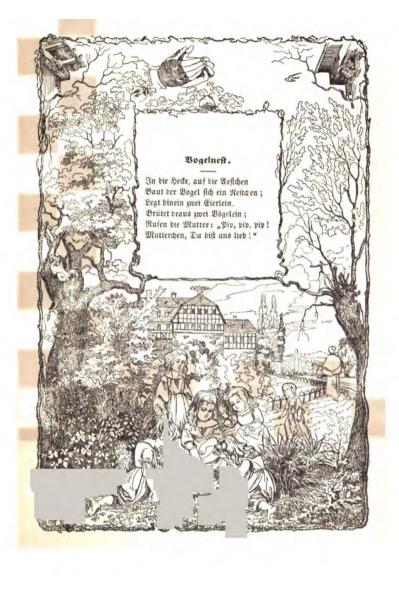


THE NEST.

HERE'S a pretty cradle nest,
Snug, and warm, and round;
Cuddled in the downy bed,
Little nestling birds we found.

"Stay! stay!" the birdies say,
"Mother, do not fly away!"

"Dear, so dear, never fear!
Mother waits and watches near."
Peep! peep! Dear, so dear,
Hush, my babies, do not fear!"





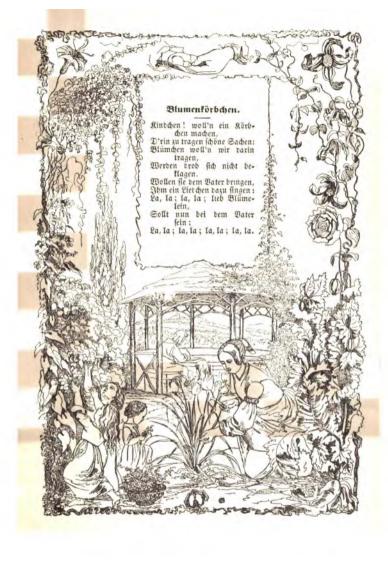


THE FLOWER-BASKET.

Weave the little basket, fill it up with posies, Roses from the garden, blossoms from the wood. With our birthday wishes, with our songs and kisses,

Bring it to the father, dear and kind and good.

With smiles and with singing Our gift we are bringing, But love is the treasure We give without measure.

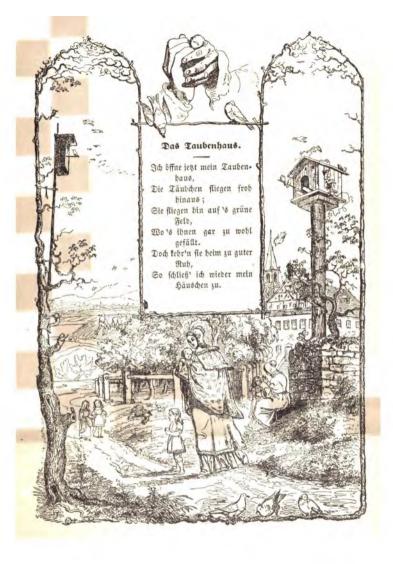


THE PIGEON-HOUSE.

OH, see my pigeon-house so high! Come, my pretty pigeons, haste to fly! To pleasant fields they swiftly go, So busy gleaning to and fro. And when they come back to rest at night, Again I close my pigeon-house tight.

Here, in the home so snug and warm, Live the little children safe from harm. They pass the day in merry play, Through woods and meadows green they stray. But when they come back at night to rest. Father and mother and home are best.

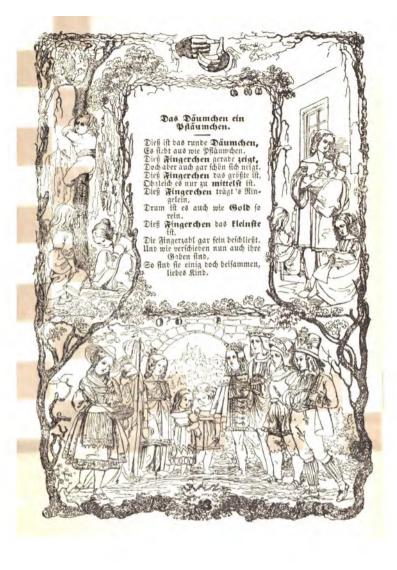
When evening shadows slowly creep, Softly coo the pigeons, nestling to sleep. The gentle mother, wise and dear, Her happy children gathers near, And sings to the baby on her breast, "The world is pleasant, but home is best." EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

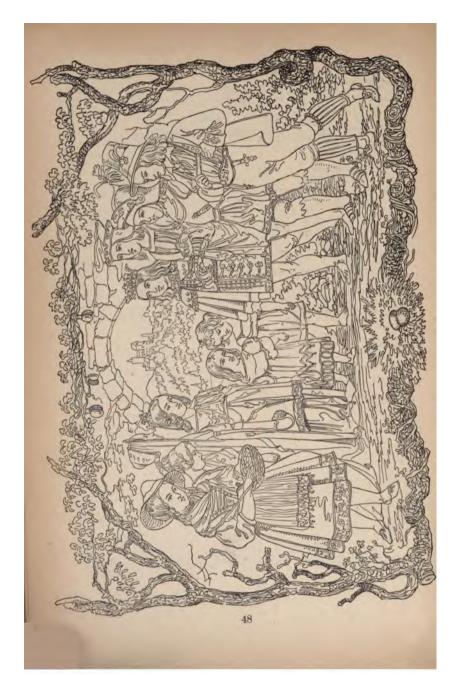


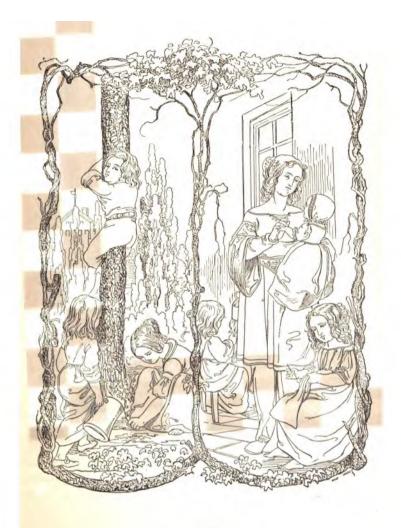
NAMING THE FINGERS.

This is little Tommy Thumb, Round and smooth as any plum. This is busy Peter Pointer: Surely he's a double-jointer. This is mighty Toby Tall; He's the biggest one of all. This is dainty Reuben Ring; He's too fine for anything. And this little wee one, maybe, Is the pretty Finger-baby. All the five we've counted now, Busy fingers in a row. Every finger knows the way How to work and how to play; Yet together work they best. Each one helping all the rest.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.







THE GREETING.

Now see them here,
These friends so dear,
As they together meet;
With bows polite,
And faces bright,
Each other they will greet:
"Oh, how do you do?
And how do you do?
Say all these children ten.

EMILIE POULSSON.



THE FAMILY.

This is the loving mother,
Always good and dear;
This is the busy father,
Brave and full of cheer;
This is the merry brother,
Grown so strong and tall;
This is the gentle sister,
This the baby small;
And here they all together meet,
This whole glad family complete.

EMILIE POULSSON.



THE FAMILY.

This is the mother, so busy at home, Who loves her dear children, whatever may come.

This is the father, so brave and so strong, Who works for his family all the day long.

This is the brother, who'll soon be a man; He helps his good mother as much as he can.

This is the sister, so gentle and mild, Who plays that the dolly is her little child.

This is the baby, all dimpled and sweet; How soft his wee hands and his chubby pink feet!

Father, and mother, and children so dear, Together you see them, one family here.

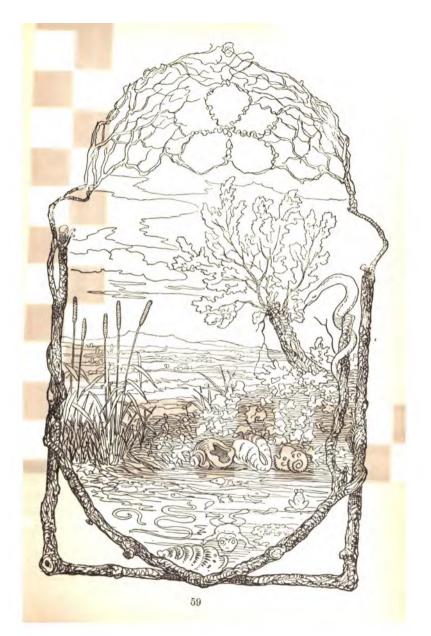
EMILIE POULSSON.











NUMBERING THE FINGERS.

THE thumb is one,
The pointer two,
The middle finger three!
Ring finger four,
Little finger five,
And that is all, you see.

Now we have put them all to bed,
A quiet sleep to take,
And softly sing a lullaby,
Lest they too early wake.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
All hushed and still the birdies sit
Upon the branches high.
The flow'rets hang their pretty heads,
The wind sings lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.

EMILIE POULSSON.



THE FINGER PIANO.

Listen, children dear,
The lovely music hear;
Little fingers downward go—
Hark! the answer, sweet and low:
La! la! la! etc.

Rippling, sparkling in the sun, See the laughing brooklets run. Tell us, brooklet, in your play, Tell the song you sing to-day. Up and down the fingers go; Brooklets singing as they flow.

Now the merry lark on high Carols sweetly from the sky; Wide he spreads his fluttering wings, Showering gladness as he sings. Up and down the fingers go; 'Tis the lark's song here below.

Thus the hand, so small a thing,
Still may sweetest music bring.
Fingers, you must move along,
You may help to make the song.
Up and down the fingers go,
Waken, music, sweet and low!

KATE L. BROWN.

Froblid weit mein Rind allein, Ginnig fpielt mein Berg in Rub, Binger geben auf und ab. Singt iom bod ein Liebden fein. Singt ibm bod ein Lieb bagu. Balt in Schritt unt balb in Trab.

Die bes Lerdleine Lieb erflingt, Meines Rinbchene Bingerlein Go bas Aingerfviel fich regt,

Bleich es feine Blugel ichwingt; Gind noch fcmach und find noch flein; Denned, icaut ! icon ipielt de icon, Wenn Befang bas berg bewegt. Liebden will bas Gpiel erhöh'n.



HAPPY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Five brothers and sisters, Busy all the day; Light goes, night comes, Sleepy now are they.

Say the prayer softly, Close the tired eyes: "May our heavenly Father Watch us till we rise!"

Happy, happy children, Fast asleep are you. Drop the head! go to bed! We are sleepy too!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

HEAVENLY Father, day is done, And the quiet night begun; Thou hast kept me through the day, Keep me through the night, I pray.

And, dear Father, while I share In thy tender love and care, Help me every day to be An obedient child to thee.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.*

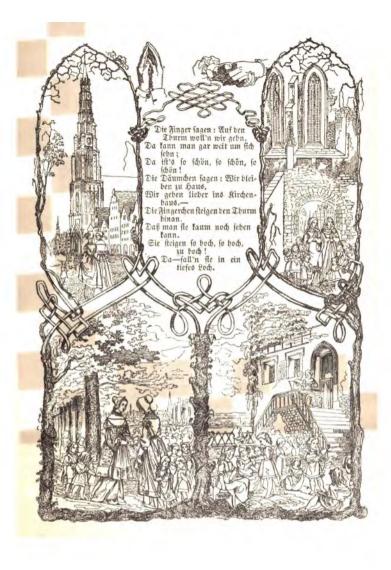
^{*} The following lines are suggested by Mrs. Eliot as an alternative to first stanza of this poem:

Now I lay me down to sleep: Heavenly Father, wilt thou keep Me and those I love all night, For with thee 'tis always light.



THE CHILDREN ON THE TOWER.

Two hands and eight little fingers. And two little Grandmothers Thumb. 'Tis long since they met, but they never forget, So a-visiting now they come. "How do you do?" and "How do you do?" With nods and bows they say. "How do you do?" and "How do you do? And what is the news to-day?" They tell of their making baskets: They tell of eggs in the nest; They tell the loves of the soft white doves That flutter and sink to rest: They tell of the little fishes That wriggle their little tails; They tell of the baker, the pat-a-cake maker, Whose kindness never fails: They tell of the vane on the steeple, How this way and that it goes; Of Peter the mower, who hour by hour, The grass and the clover-top mows.



"But all the stories are told now. And what, oh, what shall we do?" "We'll climb the tower this very hour, And there admire the view." Thus cry the children gladly, But each little Grandmother Thumb. She courtesys so, and she says "No! no! I will not come! We'll go to church together, As good little grandmothers do, And there we'll wait—but don't be late!— Yes, there we'll wait for you. And while in church we're waiting. A little prayer we'll say, And thanks we'll give for the days we live, And thanks for the children gay."

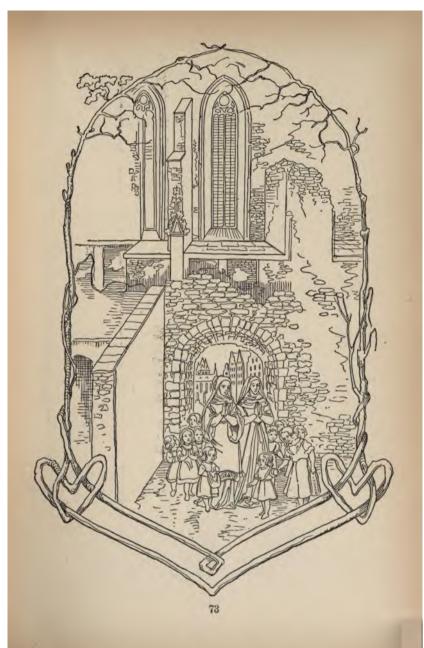


The children climb the tower. And up and up they go; Like fairies small look one and all. Still mounting in a row. Now higher still, and higher, With never a fear of a fall, Till one he stumbles, and one he tumbles. And down come toppling all! And down comes the tower itself, too, On top of the church—ah me! Oh, what a smashing! oh, what a crashing! And where can the children be? See! creeping out from the ruins By ones and twos they come: And, deary me! at last we see Each good little Grandmother Thumb. "Oh, bless us now!" and, "Oh, kiss us now!" And, "Listen, my dears, to me: Another day, whatever you say, More careful we all must be!"

LAURA E. RICHARDS.







THE CHILD AND THE MOON.

SEE the moon, baby, Riding so high! Will it come, maybe, Down from the sky? "Moon, come and play now, Pray you, with me!" "Nay, my dear, nay, now-That can not be. In my blue home here Always I stay; Yet while I roam here. Dear, we can play. Silver beams gliding Down to your feet, Seeking and hiding, Play with you, sweet! E'en when above you Clouds hide my face, Still I will love you, There in my place. When the clouds fleeting Leave my sky clear, Bright shines my greeting, Loving and dear. If your part you'll do, I will do mine; Yours, to be good and true; Mine, just to shine!"



THE CHILD AND THE MOON.

- "Bright, round moon in the starry sky, Sailing above the steeple high, I am so glad your face to see, Come from your far-off place to me!"
- "Dear little child, if I come to thee, Who will shine for the ships at sea? And how will the traveller find his way, Unless in my far-off place I stay?"
- "Bright, round moon, you may shine for all, Sailing above the steeple tall.

 Thanks I give for your friendly light,
 Beautiful moon! Good-bye! good-night!"

 EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

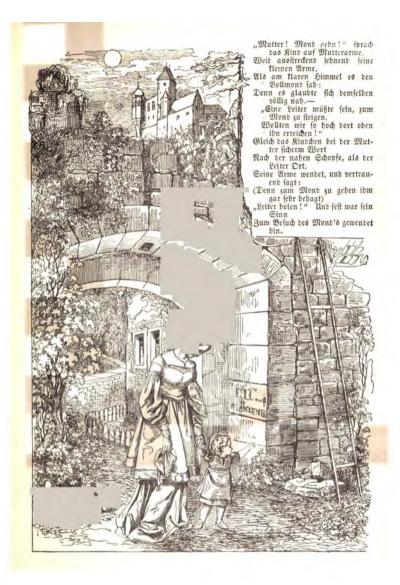
THE LITTLE BOY AND THE MOON.

PRETTY moon, your face I see
Just above the garden tree.
Are you smiling now for me?—
Moon so brightly smiling!

Yellow moon, so bright, so near, In the sky so soft and clear, I can almost reach you here— Moon so softly shining!

Bring the ladder strong and new,
Now I know what I will do:
I will climb and sail with you—
Moon so slowly sailing!

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE STARS.

Now the stars begin to peep
In the sky, so pure and bright;
Baby soon must go to sleep—
She must bid the stars good-night.
Little feet are tired of play;
Come, my darling, come away!

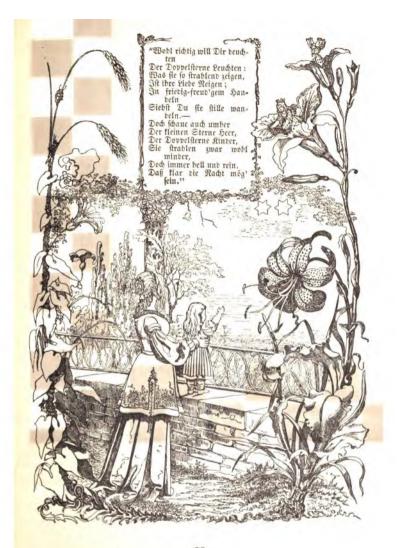
"See the mother-star, so dear!
With her little children small!
And the father watching near—
Pretty stars, I love you all!
When I shut my eyes to sleep
All the night your watch you keep.

"Father-star, so big and bright, Close beside them do you stay? Are there posies, red and white, In the meadows where they play? Do you shake the dreamland tree Every night for them and me?

"Mother-star, I wish I knew
How your babies go to bed;
Do they run as chickens do,
Hiding every yellow head?
Do you tuck them, soft and deep,
In a fleecy cloud to sleep?"

Come, my darling! while you sleep
On your pillow, soft and white,
Stars will through your window peep,
Smiling, "Baby, dear, good-night!
Sweetly dream and safely rest
In your pretty cradle nest!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



THE LIGHT-BIRD.

CHILD.

O BIRDIE, gleaming on the wall,
Gleaming,
Gleaming,
Are you coming when I call,
Or am I dreaming?

MOTHER.

"Tis the light-bird,
A very bright bird,
That is gleaming on the wall.
"Tis the light-bird,
A very bright bird,
But it will not heed your call.



CHILD.

I've seen the moonbeams in the night Streaming, Streaming, The little stars that twinkle bright Like fireflies seeming.

MOTHER.

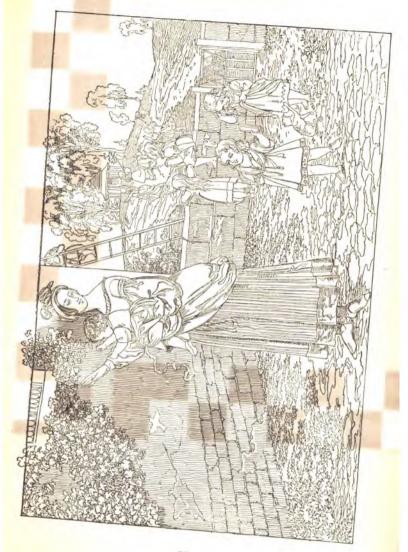
Like the light-bird,
Like the bright bird,
That is gleaming on the wall—
Like the light-bird,
Like the bright bird,
They will not heed your call.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

The sun, the moon, the twinkling stars,

The rainbow in the skies,
A mother's smile, a father's love,
We catch them with our eyes;
We can not hold them in our hand,
Yet from them need not part,
For when we've caught them with our eyes,
We hold them in our heart.

ELIZABETH CHARLESS LE BOURGEOIS.



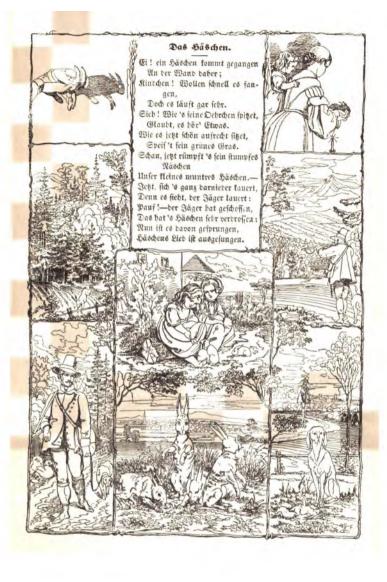
THE SHADOW RABBIT.

Hey, the rabbit! ho, the rabbit!
See, the rabbit on the wall
Pricks his ears, for that's his habit—
Pricks them up and lets them fall.
Pretty rabbit, stay, now!
Come with me and play, now!

Come with me and play, no No, ah, no! he will not stay;
Up he jumps and springs away.

Now the rabbit sits upright, Munching grass with all his might. See him wrinkle up his nose! What's that for, do you suppose?

Rabbit, shall I feed you?
"No, I do not need you!
Rabbits made upon the wall
Feed themselves or not at all."



Down our rabbit cowers now; Sure, some danger lowers now! See, the hunter with his gun Thinks he's going to have some fun.

Puff! the bullet's flying!
Is our rabbit dying?
Not a bit, for see him run!
Rabbits, too, can have their fun!



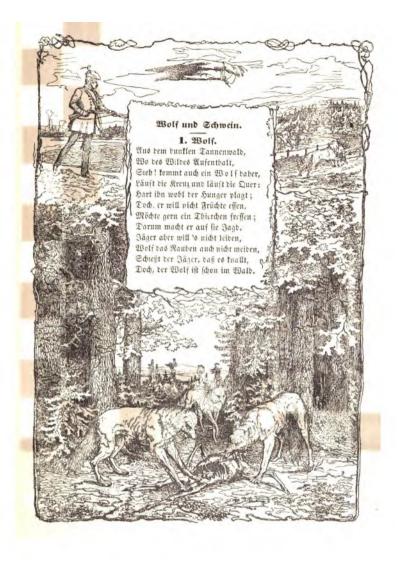




THE WOLF.

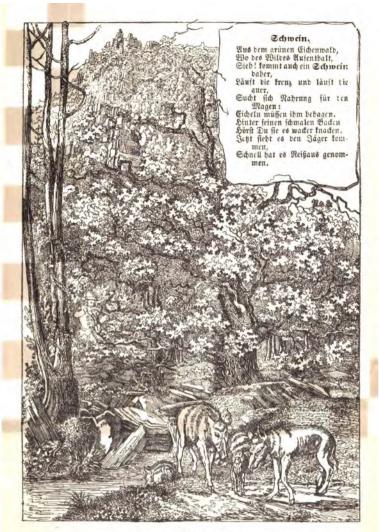
From the dark greenwood,
From the forest fair,
Up comes a gray wolf,
Trotting here and there.
See how lank and thin is he!
Hungry must the creature be.
In the wood are berries sweet,
But such things he will not eat.

So he goes a-hunting
Through the meadows fair,
Sniffing, snuffing,
Prowling here and there.
Wolf, you shall not bear away
Tender kid or lamb to-day;
For I see the hunter stand
With his trusty gun in hand.



THE WILD PIG.

From the green oak wood, Where the acorns lie. Up comes a wild pig. Grunting low and high. Children do not often see Such a piggy-wig as he! With his long and slender snout See him rooting all about. Poking here, and poking there, Grubbing up his simple fare, Roots and nuts and acorns sweet, Such as piggies love to eat. Hark! a rustling in the bush! Off goes piggie with a rush; Grunting, squealing, there he goes, Where the forest thickest grows: And the hunter, brave and gay, Will not dine on pig to-day!



THE LITTLE WINDOW.

PEEK-A-BOO, light! beautiful light,
Shining so clear through my window bright,
Down from the sky swiftly you fly—
Peek-a-boo, beautiful light!

Peek-a-boo, light! beautiful light!
Making the fields and meadows so bright;
Flowers in the grass smile as you pass—
Peek-a-boo, beautiful light!

Peek-a-boo, light! beautiful light!

Love is the sunshine that makes the heart bright.

Pure we would be, shining like thee—

Peek-a-boo, beautiful light!

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THE LITTLE WINDOW.

In the water, pure and clear,
Light loves to play;
In the dewdrop's glittering sphere
Shines the captured ray;
But the firm and solid wall
Gives no gleam of light at all.



Through the parting clouds on high Streams the sunlight there! Look! for in the brightening sky Shines the rainbow fair! Light can turn the storm-cloud gray All to gold and crimson gay.

Light is pure and good and fair,
And it loves to rest
Ever on the things that are
Brightest, ay, and best.
Then with smiling faces bright
Let us greet the loving light!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

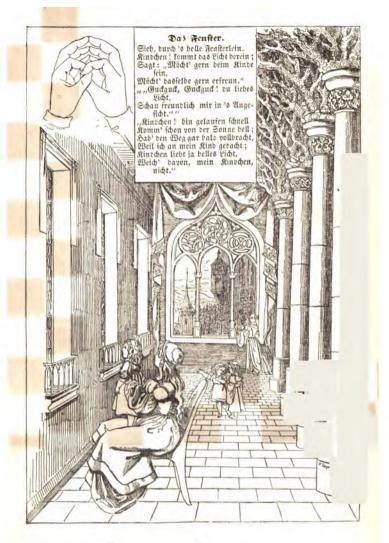
THE WINDOW.

"Come, lovely light, and shine on us,
And make us warm and bright.
You shine on us; we'll gaze on you,
For day has conquered night.
In thankful praise of your bright rays,
We lift our happy voices;
For you love us, and we love you,
And all the world rejoices."

"Dear child, the sun has sent me down To make another day, And help you tread the path of right By brightening your way. In thankful praise of his bright rays,

In thankful praise of his bright rays,
Then, lift your happy voices;
For you love him, and he loves you,
And all the world rejoices."

GEORGE HYDE PAGE.



THE CHARCOAL BURNER.

Why does the charcoal burner stay Up in the forest by night and day? He chops the trees, and he piles the wood, And burns it slow to the charcoal good.

The blacksmith's hammer goes "Kling! klang! kling!

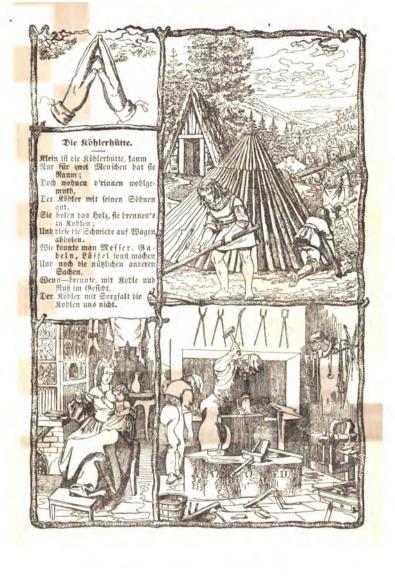
Charcoal! charcoal hurry and bring!
For how can I shoe the pony's feet,
Without good charcoal the iron to heat?"

The charcoal burner is black and grim,
But thanks for his labour we owe to him;
He chops the trees with a whack! whack!
whack!

And burns the wood to the charcoal black.

Knives and hatchets, shovels and rakes, Shoes for the pony, the blacksmith makes. The bellows blow and the hammers beat, But he must have charcoal the iron to heat.

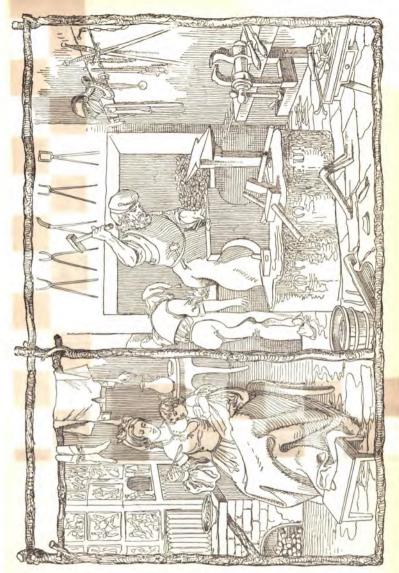
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.





100

MYOU



THE CARPENTER.

Busy is the carpenter;
At his work he stands.
Oh, the wonders he can do
With his skilful hands!
Sawing now, the long, long boards
Shorter soon he makes;
And the rough is quickly smoothed
When the plane he takes.

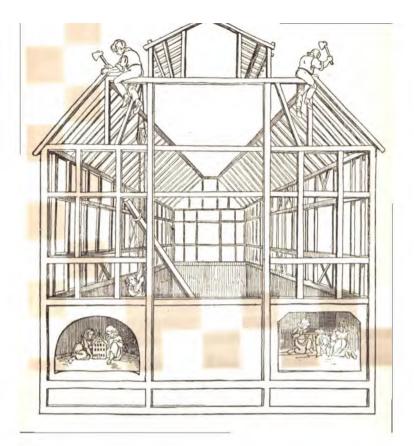
By his work the crooked soon
Straight and even grows;
Curved he changes into flat;
Wondrous skill he shows!
Thus he works so busily,
But we hear him say
"Here a board, and there a board,
Pray, what use are they?"

So the carpenter at last
All together brings,
Nails the boards and timbers fast—
How his hammer rings!
Thus a cosy house he builds
Where the child may live;
And for this the grateful child
Love and thanks will give.

EMILIE POULSSON.







THE BRIDGE.

THE brook is flowing merrily;
Its waters swiftly glide;
A little child looks longingly
Beyond its rippling tide.

Across the brook are pretty ferns,
And oh, such lovely moss!
And flow'rs that seem to nod at him
And beckon him across.

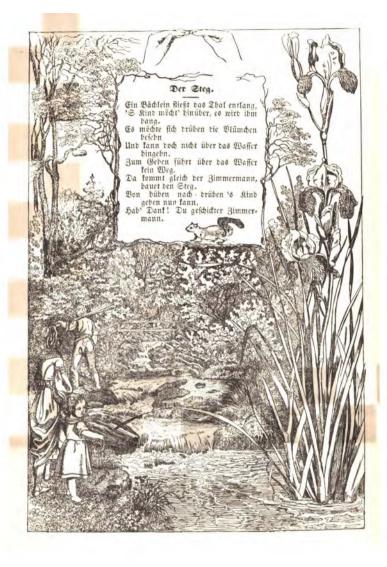
But dark the water flows between;
The stream is deep and wide;
No way the little child can find
To reach the other side.

But soon there comes a carpenter,
Who works with busy hands,
And builds a bridge that safe and strong
Above the water stands.

"Oh, thanks to you, good carpenter!"
The child calls out in glee;
"Now I can reach the other side
Where I have longed to be."

Then on the bridge the happy child Runs back and forth at will, Although beneath, so deep and wide, The brook is flowing still.

EMILIE POULSSON.



THE BRIDGE.

WHERE the stream flows swift and fair, How shall I cross over? In the golden meadows there Gaily nods the clover. "Bring the beam, and bring the plank! Build a bridge from bank to bank!"

To my friends and playmates dear How shall I be showing All the love that daily here In my heart is growing? "You must play the joiner's part-Build a bridge from heart to heart!"

Every loving word you say Makes the bridge the stronger: Helpful deeds from day to day Make it last the longer. Love and joy will banish strife! So the bridge shall last your life! LAURA E. RICHARDS.



THE FARMYARD GATE.

JOHNNY, shut the farmyard gate! Quick, or you will be too late! Don't you hear the pony neigh?—
"Let us have some fun to-day! Woods and waters I can see:
Come and try a race with me!"

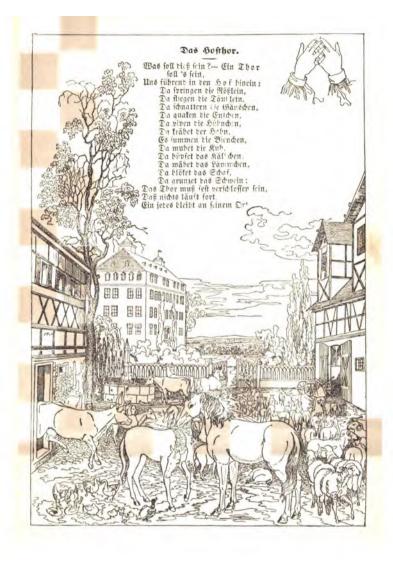
Pretty cow says: "Moo-oo-oo!
Wait for me; I'm coming too.
I should like to eat my fill
In the pasture bright and still
I should like to stand and drink
At the little brook's green brink."

"Baa!" the sheep say, "let us go
Where the milk-white daisies grow
On the hillsides, warm and steep;
We can nibble grass, or sleep.
Come, old Rover, lead the way—
You will keep us safe to-day."

Lazy pig, with sleepy eyes,
On the straw contented lies;
Chickens peep and pigeons coo;
Loud the cock is crowing too;
Ducks in glossy feathers dressed,
Quack and chatter with the rest.

Hurry, Johnny—do not wait! Quickly shut the farmyard gate! Cow, and sheep, and pony dear, We must keep you safely here! Bird and bee, you need not stay: You have wings to fly away.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

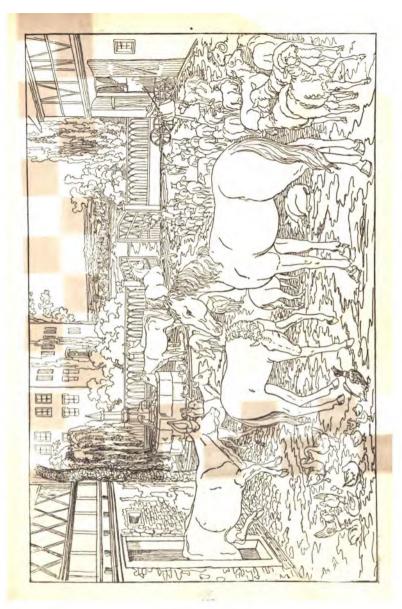


THE FARMYARD GATE.

Oh, what a clatter!
Now what's the matter?
The sheep they hurry,
The chickens scurry,
The calf is bawling,
The farmer calling,
"Johnny, run, and shut the gate!"

The cock is crowing,
The cows are lowing,
The ducks are quarking,
The dogs are barking,
The ass is braying,
The horse is neighing:
Johnny! run, and shut the gate!"

The birds are singing,
The bell is ringing,
The pigs are squeaking,
The barn door creaking,
The brook is babbling,
The geese are gabbling:
"Johnny! run, and shut the gate!"
Mrs. Follen (adapted by Emily Huntington Miller).



THE GARDEN GATE.

PRETTY garden gate, we pray you
Open wide, and let us go
Where the merry fountain dances,
Where the sweet white lilies grow.
Open, pretty gate, we pray!
Open, flowers, for now 'tis day!

In the wind so gently rocking,
Here the mother rose is seen;
And her baby buds are peeping
Through their blankets soft and green.
Baby buds, make haste to grow
While the summer breezes blow!

Darling violets, are you hiding
In the grass your eyes so blue?
Never fear that we shall harm you—
We will only smile on you.
Roses red and lilies white,
Violets sweet, good-by! good-night!

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



THE LITTLE GARDENER.

COME, children, with me to the garden away; The plants are all waiting our coming to-day; In heat and in sunshine is drooping each leaf, But the children are coming to bring them relief.

Trinkle trink! trinkle trink! How the drops shine and wink,

As the poor thirsty plants hold their heads up to drink!

"All thanks, little children!" each bud seems to say;

"All thanks for the love that you show us today!

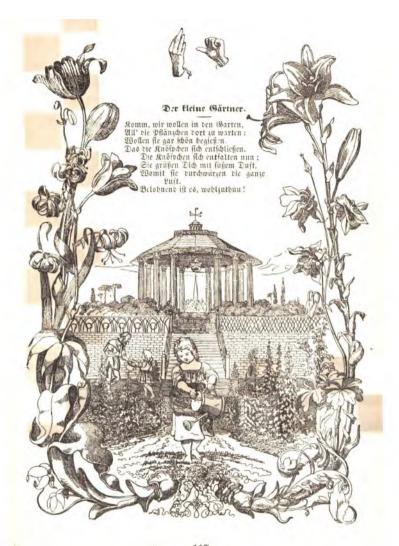
Now beauty and perfume shall bless you each one,

In loving return for the good you have done.

Twinkle twink! twinkle twink!

Now like stars see us wink!

For kindness brings kindness, so flowers all think."



THE WHEELWRIGHT.

MARCH together and never stop! Here we go to the wheelwright's shop! Wheelwright, show us the way you do, Making the wheel so round and true.

Turning fast and turning slow, This is the way the wheel must go!

This is the auger, slim and long,
Turned by the wheelwright's hands so strong.
Straight and steady the auger goes,
And smooth and true the hole it grows.

Turning steady and turning slow,
This is the way the auger must go!

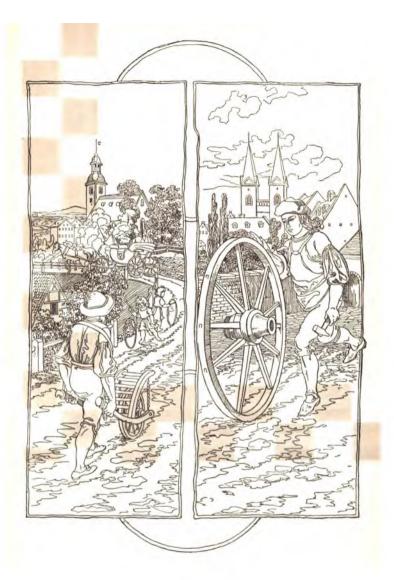
These are the spokes, all shaped aright; This is the hub that holds them tight; This is the rim of iron and wood To finish my wheel so useful and good.

Turning fast and turning slow,
This is the way the wheel must go!

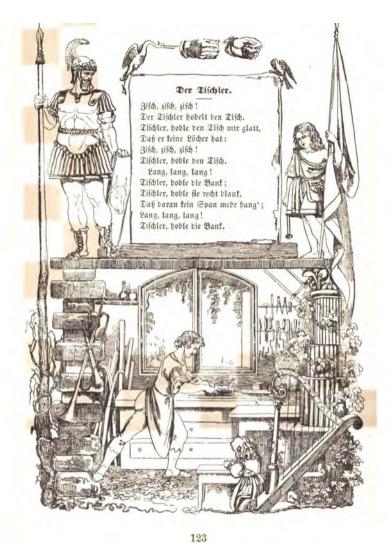
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.











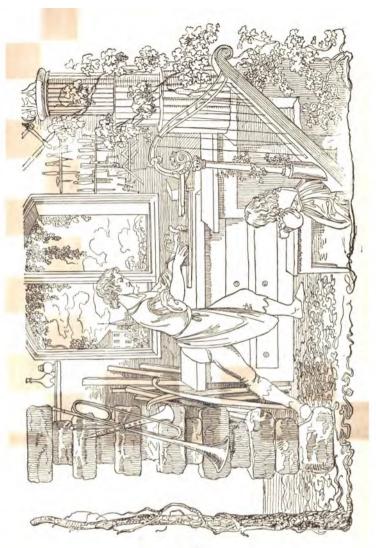
THE JOINER.

Plane, plane, plane—
Joiner, follow the grain!
Smooth as silk the table grows;
Not a break the fibre shows.
Plane, plane, plane—
Joiner, follow the grain!

Strong, strong, strong,
Push the plane along!

Make the bench all glossy white;
Not a splinter leave in sight.
Strong, strong, strong,
Push the plane along!

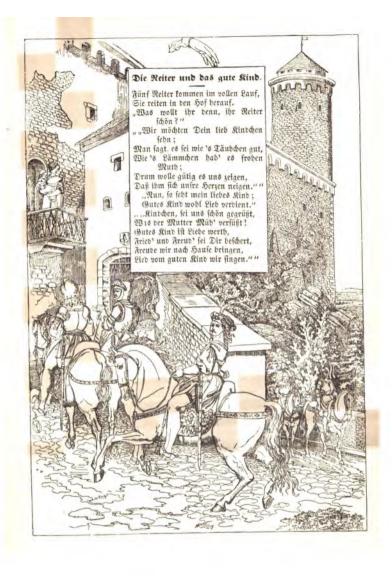
NOBA ARCHIBALD SMITH.



THE KNIGHTS AND THE GOOD CHILD.

Galloping fast and galloping free,
Who comes a-riding so swift to me?
"Five brave knights with their plumes so gay.
What do you seek, good knights, to-day?"
"Over the world we ride to find
The child that is loving and good and kind."
"This is the child so dear!
Brave knights, you see him here!"
"O child, be always good and gay.
Now gallop and gallop away."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



THE KNIGHTS AND THE BAD CHILD.

HERE come riding the knights so gay.

"Any good children here," they say,

"Ready to ride with trumpet in hand,
To visit the happy children's land?"

"Ah, brave knights, you will all be sad
To know that my child is selfish and bad."

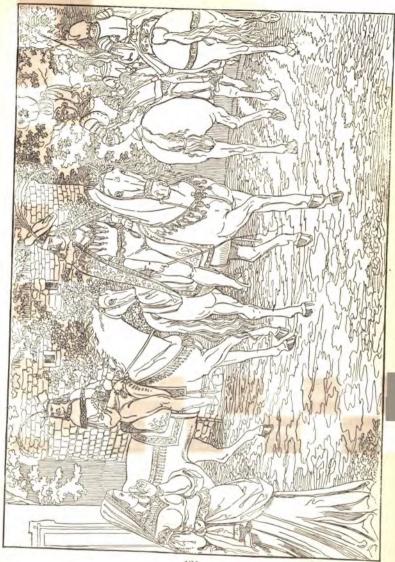
"It grieves us much to say

He cannot ride to-day.
Only good children with us can go."
Then away and away the knights ride slow.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.







THE KNIGHTS AND THE MOTHER.

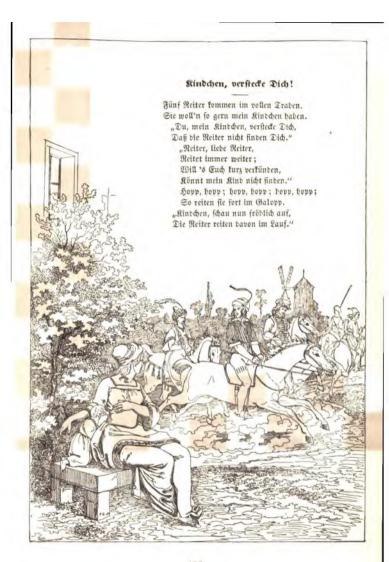
JINGLE! jingle! jingle!
Hop! hop! hop!
See, the knights are passing—
Stop! oh, stop!
Now my child is happy,
Gentle, good, and true;
He can go a-riding,
A-riding with you.
a-riding, over hill and dell.

A-riding, a-riding, over hill and dell,
But bring him back at evening, because we love
him well.

Never fear, my darling.
Look, and see,
All the knights are smiling,
Smiling at me.
You shall stay with mother
Till you older grow;
Then my bonny soldier
A-riding shall go.

A-riding, a-riding, over hill and dell,
But you'll come back at evening, because we love
you well.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

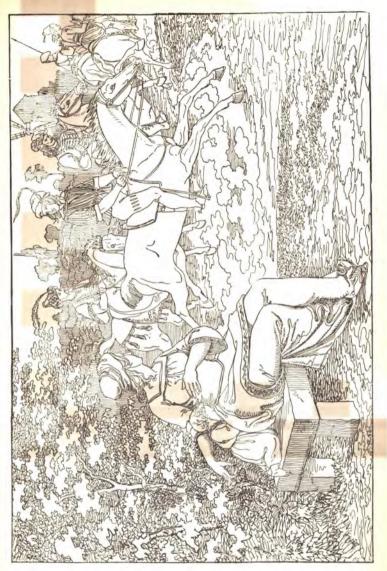


THE KNIGHTS AND THE MOTHER.

I HEAR the bugle sounding
So merry and so clear;
The knights come gaily riding—
They want thee, child, I fear.
Now hide thee quick, my darling,
And nestle close to me,
For not one dimpled finger
The gallant knights shall see!

You can not have my darling,
So do not linger here;
Safe in my heart I'll keep him,
He is so good and dear.
Now do not tarry longer,
But swiftly ride away!
Peep out and smile, my laddie,
And bid the knights Good-day!

Emily Huntington Miller.



HIDE AND SEEK.

Where are you, my baby?
You've left me alone.
Who'll tell me, who'll tell me
Where baby is gone?

I've missed him so long;
He's far, far away,
I'll thank any one
Who will bring him to stay.

Why, here in my arms
My dear baby lies!
We often look far
For what's under our eyes.

Henrietta R. Eliot.

Berfteden bes Rinbes.

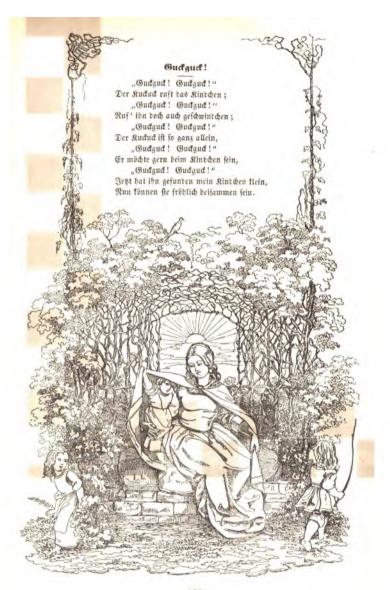
Kindden, lieb Kindden Du,
Sag mir, wo weilest Du?—
Wer fagt, wo mein Kindden ift?—
Id hab' so lang es schon vermißt;
Ich sind' es nicht am alten Ort:
Fort ist er, fort; fort fort, fort fort.
Wer mir kann mein Kindden zeigen,
Schönsten Dant will ich ibm reichen.
Da ist 's nun ba, bas Kindden ja;
War bem Herzen ja so nab!—
"So kann 's im Leden oft geldebn,
Daß man bas Rächte nicht kann sehn."



THE CUCKOO!

Cuckoo! cuckoo!
The cuckoo calls you, dear.
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
Call back, and he will hear.
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
The cuckoo is alone.
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
He wants my little one.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.



THE TOYMAN AND THE MAIDEN.

Listen! listen, mother dear,
How the bells are ringing!
"Christmas times will soon be here,"
That is what they're singing.

All the boys and girls are out In the frosty weather; I can hear them laugh and shout, As they talk together.

All the shops with toys are gay, Such a pretty showing; Mother, dear, this very day Let us too be going.

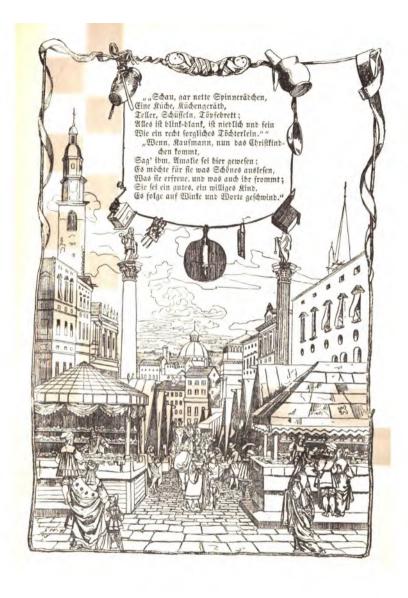
Don't you think if Santa Claus Down this way were straying, He would stop and smile to hear What the folks were saying?

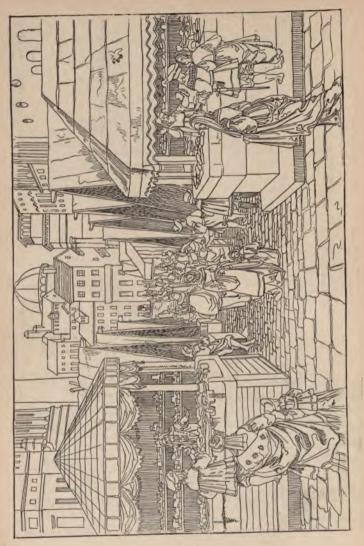
I am sure if he should see
Just what I was choosing,
Such a wise old dear as he
Would not be refusing.

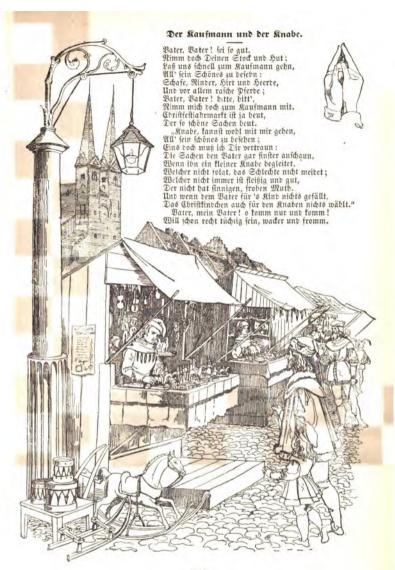
Mother, dear, your little maid Will not fret or tease you; All the year I've surely tried To be good and please you.

But if I should give your hand
Just a little squeezing
When the loveliest doll I see,
Would you call that teasing?

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

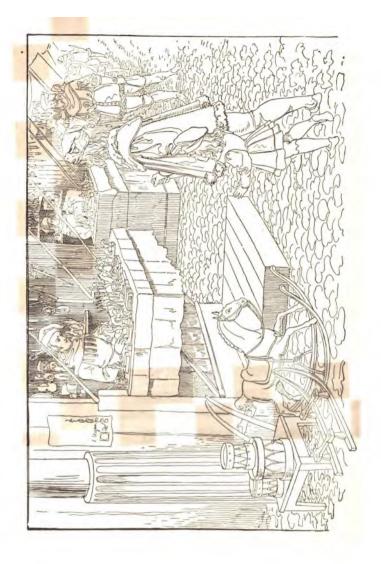






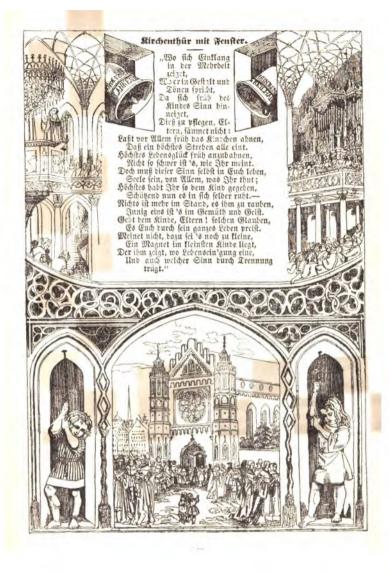
THE TOYMAN AND THE BOY.

- "HASTEN, dear father, and come with me The toyman's wonderful shop to see! We must tell the toyman what to say, If Santa Claus happens to come his way."
- "But what if Santa Claus asks me, dear, 'Has this little child been good this year?' For books, and puzzles, and games, and toys, Are not for idle and selfish boys."
- "Then tell him, father, that every day I try to be loving and quick to obey; And every year, as I older grow, I shall be wiser and better, I know."
- "Now, toyman, what can you show me here To please a child that is good and dear?" "Beautiful things I have to sell; I am too busy their names to tell.



- "Here are trumpets to blow, and drums to beat; Here are knights and soldiers, and horses fleet; Here are bows and arrows, and sleds to use, And games and puzzles, and books to choose."
- "Toyman, listen! perhaps some day, Santa Claus may be coming this way; Here is a message to slip in his hand; I think good Santa will understand.
- "He may bring a drum, and a fine new sled Swift as an arrow, and painted red; A pair of skates, and a book that tells Of knights and fairies and Christmas bells.
- "But tell him, toyman, in yonder street
 Are poor little children with bare cold feet;
 He must bring them stockings, all warm and
 new,
 And caps and mittens, and playthings too.
- "And, toyman, lest he should happen to lack,
 - Here is some money to fill up his pack;
 We send them our greetings, and wish them
 good cheer
 - For a merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

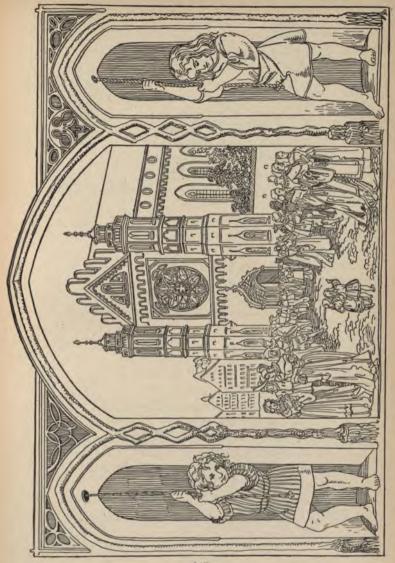
 EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



THE CHURCH.

Hark! the church bell's pleasant sound;
Let us go, my child,
There, where every Sunday morn
Rings the summons mild.
Through the lofty windows there
Rainbow light is streaming fair;
From the doors, wide open thrown,
Peals the organ's solemn tone.
CHORUS—"Come!" says the silver bell,
"Come, where the voices tell
Of the God, that dwells above,
Of the God, whose name is love."

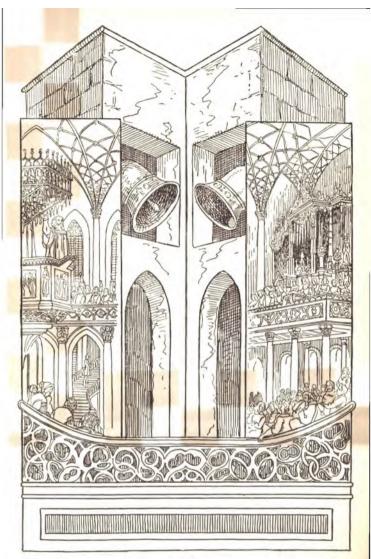
Let your heart be pure and clean
When to church you go,
For all sweet and lovely things
There you'll learn to know.
Learn of God, who gives us all—
Birds that sing and streams that fall,
Sun and moon in glorious might,
Trees and flowers in beauty bright.
CHORUS—" Come!" says the silver bell, etc.



God, who sends the merry breeze
Blowing here and there,
Sends the mighty storms that rage
Through the upper air;
Yet so loving kind is he,
Every smallest leaf you see
Knows his care and does his will,
Owns his wisdom, working still.
CHORUS—"Come!" says the silver bell, etc.

In the church, so calm, so still,
When your childish heart
With a solemn joy doth fill,
That, too, is his part.
He, who loving parents gave,
Sister sweet and brother brave,
Gives the power to love and bless,
Bringing joy and happiness.
Chorus—"Come!" says the silver bell, etc.

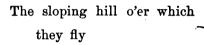
Once he sent, to dwell on earth,
Jesus, blessed child,
From the hour that gave him birth
Pure and undefiled.
Try, like him, my little child,
To be gentle, kind, and mild:
For 'tis thus your love you'll show
To the God who loves you so.
CHORUS—" Come!" says the silver bell, etc.



THE LITTLE ARTIST.

OH, now we'll draw such pretty things!

See! little birds with outspread wings,



To reach a tree with branches high—

The tree these birdies love the best,

Because it holds their own dear nest.

That was the birdies' home, and here

We'll draw the children's home, so dear;

And leading to the very door

Are all these steps—one, two, three,

four.









The window now we'll draw, where we Look out so many things to see.

O window clear and bright, 'tis you

That let the lovely light pass through!

When sunbeams on this mirror fall,

The light-bird dances on the wall.

Now, if you could but look
behind
The house, this rippling brook

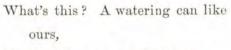
you'd find,

Where swim so many silvery fish:

And if to cross the brook you wish,

Why, here's the bridge, so safe and dry.

Shall we go over, you and I?



To fill with water for the flowers.





And now we draw a ladder—see!

A long, long ladder it shall be.

No wonder baby thought he soon

With this could reach the shining moon.



Now here's a cosey pigeon house,
Not hid in any leafy boughs,
But set upon this pole so tall;
Here safely live the pigeons all,



And coo with voices soft and low

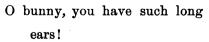
As in and out their house they go.



Down far below them on the ground

The hen and chickens walk around.

And see! a rabbit next appears;







And here's the farmyard gate, which we

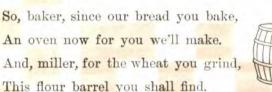
Should always close so carefully.



Now, for the carpenter, we'll draw
A hammer—see! and this sharp saw;
And always gratefully we'll tell
About the house he built so well.

More friends like him we have, so kind,

We like to bring them to our mind.



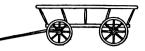
Good farmer, here's your harrow now;

We'll draw, besides, the useful plough;



A waggon, too, to load with hay,

Or grain, or fruit, some harvest day.



And now we draw a wheel alone,

Where hub and tire and spokes are
shown.



But look! Far over in the sky

A dazzling wheel shines there on high—



The glorious sun, whose spreading rays

Bring many golden, happy days.

And when night darkens all the blue,

The twinkling stars come peeping through.



Our eyes the wondrous windows are





Through which we gaze on sun and star;

And sometimes what we see on high,



We find in beauty nearer by;

For star shapes glitter in the snow,

And star flowers, too, the meadows show.



And now we'll draw the moon, whose light

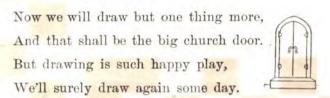
Makes beautiful the silent night:

Sometimes a crescent, thin and clear,

Sometimes a big, round, silver sphere;

But whether round, or like a bow,

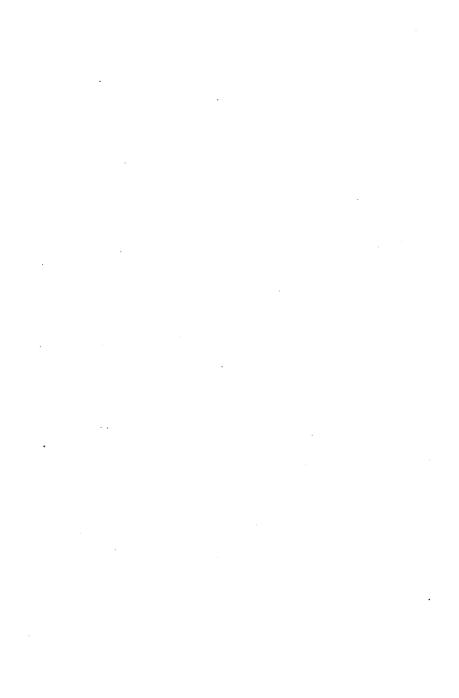
It is the same dear moon, we know.



EMILIE POULSSON.











PLAY WITH THE LIMBS.







THE WEATHERVANE.





THE TREES.





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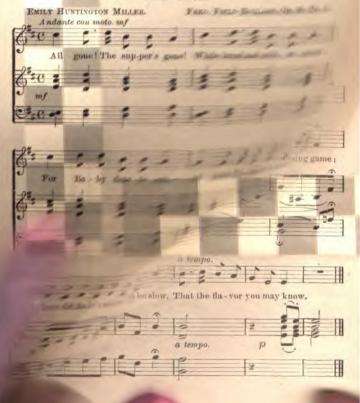




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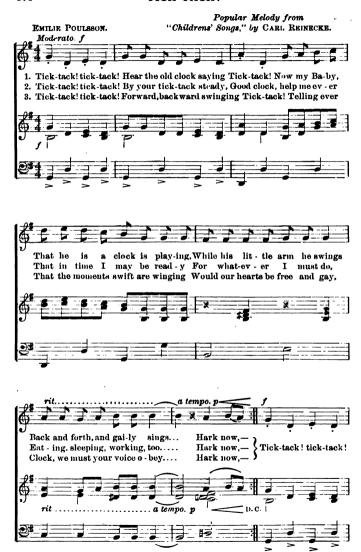




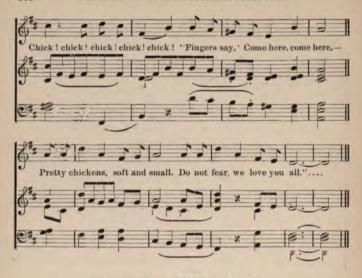












BECKONING THE PIGEONS,











BUTTERFLIES.



From "Stories in Song," told by Elizabeth U. Emerson, and Kate S. Brown. By arrangement with Oliver Ditson Co.











PAT-A-CAKE.

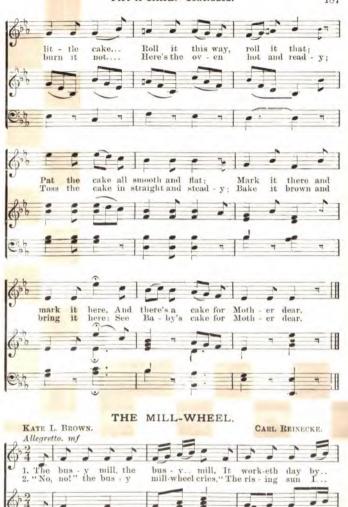






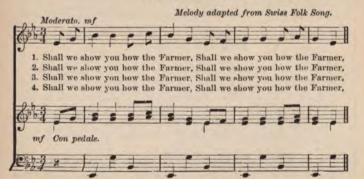
PAT-A-CAKE.





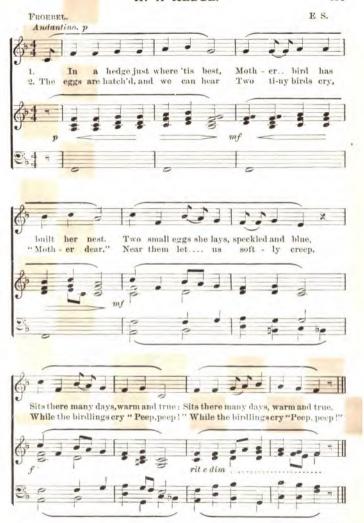


THE FARMER.



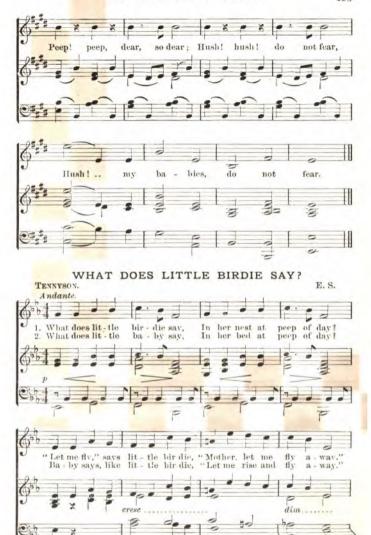






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EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. W. W. GILCHRIST. In moderate time, and with an easy swing. Stay! stay! the birdies say, Moth - er, fly not a-way,

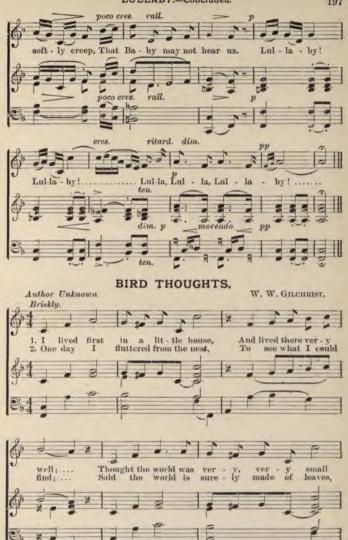






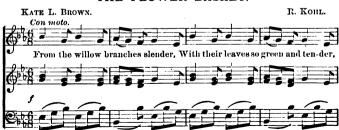








THE FLOWER BASKET.









THE PIGEON-HOUSE.





NAMING THE FINGERS.







THUMBS AND FINGERS SAY, "GOOD MORNING." 205



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THE FAMILY.







s, for right hand.

















FIVE IN A ROW.



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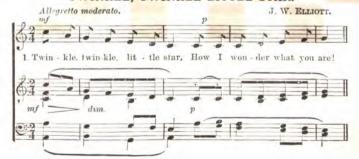




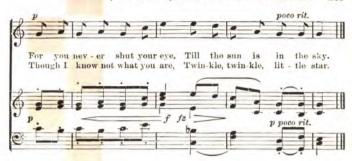




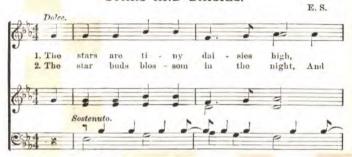
TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR.







STARS AND DAISIES.





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THE LIGHT BIRD.











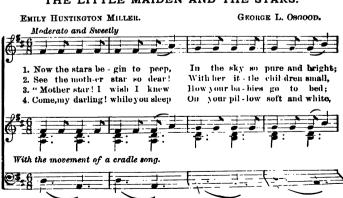
THE LITTLE WINDOW.







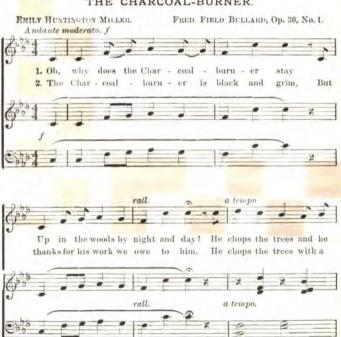
THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE STARS.







THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.





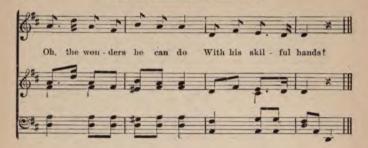




THE CARPENTER.







THE BRIDGE.





THE JOINER.











THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.









THE CARPENTER.







THE BRIDGE.

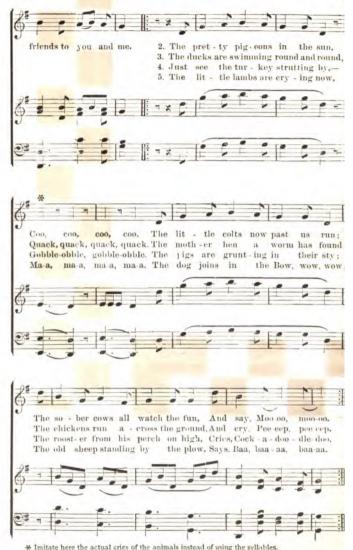




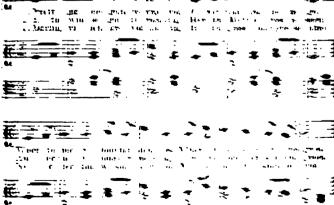


THE FARMYARD.











THE LITTLE GARDENER.















THE WHEEL-WRIGHT.







250 THE KNIGHTS AND THE GOOD CHILD.









THE KNIGHTS AND THE BAD CHILD.









THE KNIGHTS AND THE MOTHER.





THE KNIGHTS AND THE MOTHER.







HIDE AND SEEK.





CUCKOO.





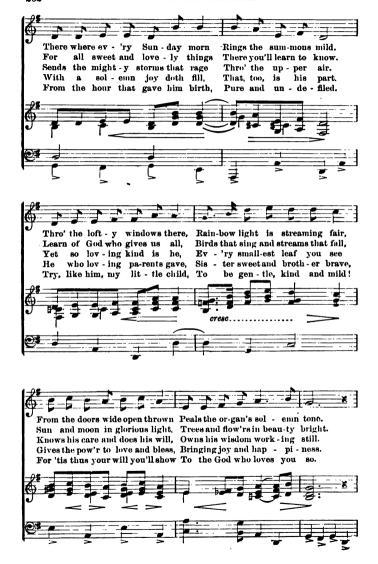




GUESSING THE SINGER.











WANDERING SONG.

KATE L. BROWN.

After an Old French Lullaby.









THE WANDERING SONG.





REFRAIN. f ma dolce.



RIPPLING, PURLING LITTLE RIVER.

W. W. GILCHRIST.



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